

everywhere betrayed. It is a grand turn-out against the State as the master employer. Par-

... and eloquent as his words, he was

men. Even the London Times, through its Parisian correspondent, says of them:

No one can impugn his motives. No one can attribute to him selfish and interested views. It is evident to all who know anything of his position and associations, that far from being beneficial to his interests, his commendable, his courageous impartiality will be bitterly resented

fiers from our own, but, when we hear the
 cause of our dear Redeemer contemned, for the
 assistance of an institution - so contrary to
 every feeling of the Christian heart, and so
 subversive of the fundamental principles

ould give you the requisite wisdom and
ce to improve the facilities now afforded
your State, for clearing yourselves from
evil of oppression. We cannot believe
t the organ engaged as a careful "Ex-

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

[illegible]

LITERARY EXAMINER.

To a Daughter on her Birthday, July 23, 1866.

By THE REV. W. BELCH.

"Tu spem reddere mentis, anxia Viresque."—H.

How many virtues should be seen
When once the maid becomes sixteen:
To watch a father's falling years;
To dry an anxious mother's tears;
How many may this change beget
A brother, wandering far and wide,
Who, gazing on the green sea's foam,
May sigh, but sigh in vain, for home.
Then should a sister's tender care
Against his wild return prepare;
Perhaps some younger brother's noise
A parent's fiercer health annoy;
Then should a sister's better sense
Provide a cure for petulance.
Perchance the infant's shriller cry
For comfort to her mother sigh;
Sweet are the feelings which dispose
To hush the cherub to repose.
Perhaps the world too hard may press,
And pearly tears may gleam from eyes
May cloud the hospitable door
Where peace and plenty smile before;
Then should the aching bosom prove
The comfort of a daughter's love.
For thine eyes are bright and true,
That she may know far happier days
Such are the virtues to be seen
When once the maid becomes sixteen.
But not rising to the moon's glow,
With pale solicitude consume,
Nor pine with anxious fears,
That care must multiply with years.
Sweet are the pleasures to be seen
When once the maid becomes sixteen.
Then shall the gentle bosom beat
With soft but unexperienced heat,
Connecting happiness and truth
With thoughts of some more favored youth.
Then, too, shall lessons gleam from flowers,
Fit subject for the youthful muse.
Then shall a father's fondness trace
The mother's charms, the mother's grace;
Again shall happy moments glow
When thine eye beams from below;
Then in his girl's accomplished mind
Return for all his cares shall find.
And in the praise which all bestow
The sweetest recompense shall know.
Manners, the fruit of sterling sense,
And smiles, the gift of innocence,
Good humor, warm desire to please,
With cheerfulness and graceful ease—
Sweet qualities and thousand more,
May all on this fair morn be o'er,
For June is now become sixteen.

A Few Hours in the Country.

AN ENGLISH SKETCH.

The hexameters of Southey will serve as well for the commencement of this chapter as any syllables which present themselves to our pen on the spur of the moment; for really and truly, as the bard of *The Vision* expressed it, "Pensive and in thought, we sat in our chamber musing." Our thoughts, wave-like and dream-like, rolling along like billows, then, as like straws upon them, moved onward as chance directed. Ideas, fraught with ancient feelings, held whirling way for the moment, and now dashing along full freighted, anon floating with time's bright bubbles, or wandering mid currents unending, kept wandering with pointless purpose. "Bah! thought to hexameters and all that 'gouty' fool! Why should we try to 'Pegasus of poor Southey, which trips under our weight, most confoundingly, and threatens to weigh us headlong to the earth on each step? We can push along much more quickly in the humble conveyances of modern times. In sober prose, we are thinking of revolutions, railways, dishonored bells, electric telegraphs, deposed kings, humbled princes, fugitive ministers, deposed consuls, spendthrift republics, extravagant governments, oppressive taxation, cartels, incomes, speedy innovation, and all the curiosities and inventions of modern times, till the mind taking a backward leap from the present to the past, we muse on the decay of ancient customs, the manners of our forefathers, of old hospitality, baronial grandeur, and a thousand things long passed away. We were in what is called a 'brown study,' when our mad-cap Cousin Joe burst in upon us, and boisterously insisted that we should leave our books and papers and go forth 'to oil the springs of life,' as he expressed it, which he insisted were creaking for want of lubrication.

"What do you propose?" we asked.

"Oh, said he, 'there is a fête, this week, at Carden, in Cheshire, let us away to Broxton, take up our quarters at the Egerton Arms there, the pleasant inn in the three kingdoms, a jolly landlord, a smiling host, a sweet, pretty daughter, and a view from the windows enough to make all Cockneydom fall in love with fields and pay no more worship to the smoky town.'"

"What sort of fête is this you speak of?"

"The 'Squire, yeelst this Horstion Leche, has just emerged from what the lawyers call his infancy, and attained the right to spend £10,000 a year, free from the trammels of his guardian, the Marquis of Westminster, and so he is about to feast nobles in his hall and tenants on his lawn, to gratify the proud with strong ale, stronger cheese, and roast oxen, and to give the whole county side a treat of bonfires, rockets, Roman candles, blazing wheels, and in short, feeding and fireworks of all descriptions."

"And there are to be rustic sports, and races, and chases, and I know not what," said Cousin Joe.

"Say no more, have with you," we replied; "we will forthwith oil those springs to which you just now made allusion."

"And so we went; and proceeded with the speed of the modern railway to say as much as may prove amusing to two dozen out of the six that were destined to rejoining for the majority of Squire Leche.

Railways make short work of journeys now-a-days. We took tickets at Monk's Ferry; and, after three-quarters of an hour of chatter, bang, clang, whizz, buzz, screech, rumbling, trundling, shaking, and jolting, we were discharged at the ancient city of Chester. Here we chartered a gig, and, with a spanking bay before us that would have delighted Charles Goldfinch, set off at a glorious trot, over one of the best roads in the country, for Broxton. We expected to find the Egerton Arms in a roar with merry farmers, jolly rustics, and smiling dairy-maids; but, no, that most respectable of inns was as peaceful as the face of a hermit. Its staid staircase and polished floors, for it was whilom one of the stately family halls of Cheshire, were all unstained by the feet of yemen or plough-boys, and its rudely hostess, its sole occupant, presided over a deserted mansion. All the country had gone to Carden. As it was early we resolved to be spectators.

We were just too late for the preliminary procession and the reception of the tenantry at the hall, but we were assured that we missed nothing, as the party, contrary to their expectation, were received, not by the 'young squire' himself, but by his agent. They were left to enjoy themselves as they best could in the park, and as the weather was somewhat gloomy and the ground damp, complaints of cold feet were numerous. We found the party thus, and anything but merry or comfortable. A fine set of rural blossoms were some farmers of Cheshire, jolly, bright-eyed, broad-shouldered, well limbed, salt-wat, hand-

some fellows, brimful of quiet humor, and not at all sparing of witty remarks on the kindness of the gentleman who had so benevolently turned them out to grass on the richest part of his domain. "The squire, like all the rest," said one who came from a distance and could speak his mind freely, "does us the honor to own our land; kindly saves us the trouble of shooting our hares, pheasants, and partridges, only asking us to feed them, and surely we may wait patiently when he allows us to range in his own park."

"Hush! hush!—here's the Squire, and Sir Watkin, and young Walsley, and—"

"Where, where?"

"There—hush!"

However chilled the fine fellows were with waiting on the cold green, there was plenty of warmth left at the centre of their hearts, and the greeting was as hearty and affectionate as fervid feeling could make it. But we, at first, could not make out the respectable young squire. Among the respectable-looking parties whom we had seen grouped on the sward, we saw moving a few individuals whose viages sallow or delicate, or pale or withered, contrasted unfavorably with the rule health of those who pressed forward, but we had no notion that these were the elite from the hall.

"Who is that youth with the short black tobacco pipe in his mouth, whom all the rest are following?" we asked, innocently.

"That, that, that's the young squire!" replied a black-coated yeoman at our elbow.

It was true; this was the hero of the day, and he was pulling away with a hearty gait, and would have won the best affections of one of Ireland's hodmen, at a short distance, which by constant use had become as black as the inside of a chimney-pot.

"And who is that rather tall gentleman, (we began now to suspect who the gentleman was) with a singular complexion, and a beg—beg pardon—I was about to say, rather ill-dressed for such an occasion?"

"That," replied our neighbor, "is Sir Watkin."

"Sir Watkin?—what, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the pride of Wales?"

"You are thinking of his father," said one who stood near, "the Sir Watkin."

"True, true, I had forgot."

The rustic sports had commenced. The squire's guests were full of frolic, and displayed their high breeding or their 'game' in a thousand ways. Young Mr. Walsley, the son of a worthy proprietor, a stalwart squire who would have done honor to England in her best days, seized one of the donkeys entered for the race, and declared no one should ride it but himself. He mounted, amid the hearty laughter of his companions, some of the farmers looking grave, and others declaring admiringly that he was 'game to the backbone.' He rode the race, contending, thus mounted, against the plough-boys and farm servants his competitors.

The sports ended, the invited guests retired to enjoy the repast prepared for them, which had been laid out by order of the squire—not in the hall of his fathers—but in a stable, which was handsomely fitted up for the occasion.

The farmers went to work with right good will at the port and sherry, and, having finished what was placed before them, and ascertained that no more was forthcoming, they adjourned to the green, where a display of fireworks concluded the day's festivity.

We cannot sit still in the country. The bright sky, the sweet air, the hills, the woods, the lawns, the gilded towers, and glittering streams call us forth with voices irresistible. Having informed ourselves of the dinner hour, for we found that a frank and unceremonious habit was highly relished, we sallied forth.

"I heard us to turn out this morn'g," said Tom, as we passed through the farmyard.

"The hounds, whose hounds? Where?" we exclaimed.

"Sir Watkin's, at Carden," replied Tom, not wasting more breath than was necessary.

The high-road and a narrow range of fields divides Mr. Fenna's farm from a ridge some five hundred feet high, which rises at a very abrupt angle, and appears like a huge rampart overlooking the plain below, the scene during the preceding the Protectorate of many a bloody struggle. To this hill we hied, hoping to obtain a view of the hunt if Reynard happened to lead the chase across the open country. As we set our face against the steep hill, and climbed without a zig-zag its rugged side, we thought of Malcolm Grème, of whom Sir Walter Scott says:

"Right up his lion's head he pressed,
And not a sob his throat confessed."

But we, town-bred and accustomed to levels, though we had not more than a tithe of the height of Ben Lomond to surmount, did not reach the summit without tired breath, and many a puff and pant had we at the top ere our pulses resumed their usual quiet regularity. We were enjoying the glorious prospect, the extensive plain, through which winds the silver Dee, the distant ranges of the Welsh hills, and the far-off towers of Chester, gilded by the noon-day sun, when a slight motion amongst the brown herbage below attracted our attention. The whole side of the hill is thinly planted with tall oaks of about twenty years' growth, and stealing through these we saw Reynard, with head turned back as if listening. He paused for a moment, threw up his nose in the direction of the wind, listened again for an instant, and then, dashing perpendicularly down the face of the hill, to our surprise rushed through the cows in the field below, crossed the highroad, leaped into Mr. Fenna's farmyard, which lay just at our feet, a perfect picture of a comfortable homestead, passed through hens, pigs, and turkeys, crept into the garden, crossed it, and away over the fields to the left of a mound, which hid the hall of Carden from our view. The fox was quite out of sight when we heard, first, the faint 'music' of the pack, and then, in a few minutes, the mellow horn of the huntsman sounding in the distance. Presently the whole chase came thundering along beneath our view. First came the leading dogs, one in front, a steady old bound, threatening the scent with unerring precision. Next, stragglers dashed forward through the trees, and others were seen nosing briskly in the fields below, ready to take up the scent if the fox should have crossed the track which they were pursuing. Two large hounds came cantering along the ridge with looks of intelligence that filled us with admiration, for they had evidently taken upon themselves the office of scouts, and were scouring the high land on the bare chance that the quarry might have doubled in that direction. But while one of them sedulously nosed the ground, the other cast looks of inquiry down the slope, and at a peculiar cry from a bound in the field below, which had suddenly doubled in the track which we had seen the fox take full ten minutes before, they dashed at once down the hill, and the whole pack instantly took the same direction. It was beautiful to see with what precision the leading

hound followed the line of the vermin, flitting the crows, through the farmyard, fluttering the poultry as Coriolanus did the Volscians at Corioli, through the garden and the adjacent meadows. The squire and his friends, with a band of red-coated visitors from all quarters, had been keeping pace a little in the rear of the dogs, in the fields and road below. The whole hunt now burst into view.

To many a mangled snout at once,
The awakened mountain gave response:
An hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Chatter'd an hundred snout along;
It peep'd the merry horn rung out,
An hundred voices join'd the shout,
With bay and whoop, and whinny and halloo,
No rest the hounds knew now.

The huntsman, the squire, the whippers-in, and all of the chase who were up-
ped at Mr. Fenna's gate, the huntsman blew a peal on his horn, and the cavalcade dashed through the farmyard. Some boldly leaped the garden gate, some scrambled into the adjacent meadow, but all managed somehow to gain the open fields, where they spurred forward, and swept like a hurricane after the pack. Stragglers continued to come up, during the next twenty minutes, some of them long after the leaders of the chase had been out of sight, but, nothing daunted, they spurred their jaded horses over the fields, and enjoyed a whoop and tantivy all to themselves. The fox we, afterwards heard, was run to earth near Carden. We were not sorry for his escape, as he was evidently a sagacious fellow, who, finding he could not baffle his pursuers on the hill side, amongst the trees, pressed opposite to Mr. Fenna's farm, and, seeing the coast clear, hoped to give them a check amongst the numerous scents of the poultry-yard, which he had no doubt often visited as a midnight marauder.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

Supernatural in the Reign of James the First.

The reign of James was abundant in schemes for the discovery of gold and of hidden treasure by charms, and the general prevalence of such belief may be imagined, when we find that David Ramsay, known to our readers as the King's watchmaker, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, having been told that a large quantity of treasure was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, begged permission of Williams, then Dean, to search for it. Williams, with the proviso that the church should have a share, gave his consent. Now, David Ramsay did not go to work in a common manner, but, under the direction of a cunning man, named John Scott, he, with several others, entered the cloisters with hazel rods, and "played them." On the west side the rods "turned the one over the other," so, thinking that the treasure was there, they began to dig, and found only a coffin. Again and again they tried, but were disappointed, until David and his company, with "half-quintern sack, to put the treasure in," were compelled to return no richer than they came. As John Scott had prophesied success, a sufficient excuse must be found, so, a very "blustering wind" arose before they had finished, the demons, who were unwilling the treasure should be discovered, determined their search should be in vain. These cunning men, who used the hazel rod, and crystal, were most indignant at being confounded with wizards, and "such slaves of the devil," for they pretended "to acquaint with angels." Such was old Mr. William Hodges, under whom the aforesaid John Scott studied. John Scott at length took his leave of his master, "being to return to London," to get married. Probably anxious to test the skill of old Mr. William Hodges, he requested him to show him his lady in the crystal. Hodges complied, and bade him say what he saw. "A ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer," is the reply. "She must be your wife," said the owner of the crystal. "Never," replied the Scott, "I am to marry a tall gentleman in the old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," was the oracular decision. Away went Scott, fully determined to take his own way; but when he arrived at the Old Bailey, he found the tall gentleman already married. Two years passed; and then, on a journey, going into an inn at Canterbury, John Scott went by mistake into the kitchen instead of the sitting-room, and beheld there a maiden in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer! The stars had certainly led him thither; and who, in the seventeenth century, could resist their influence? So John Scott "became a suitor" to red waistcoat, married her, and lived very happy ever after, as the old stories say. In this case the prediction undoubtedly wrought its own fulfilment, and this was often the case when so much faith was joined to so much credulity. The belief in the power of the crystal to foretell future events was held, however, by many a grave divine at this period. The bold and ambitious mother of James's last favorite was believed, when a mere humble dependant in a noble family, who have seen herself in this magic mirror, blazing with gold and gems, just as she appeared at Whitehall, when courted by the proudest nobles, and complimented by the king himself.—*British Quarterly.*

From Graham's Magazine.

The Fire of Drift-Wood.

By HENRY W. TONGUE.

We sat by the farm-house door,
Whose windows looked o'er the bay,
Gave to the breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The light-house—like a diamond fort—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night
Descending filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the light,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spoke of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead.

All that filled the hearts of friends,
When first they met, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

The first slight stirring of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unaided in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which he spoke
Had something strange, I could not mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Off died the words upon our lips
As suddenly, from out the fire,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as his splendor faded and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismantled, that were hulled,
And sent no answer back again.

The gusty rattling in their frames
The ceaseless rustling of the heart,
The guilty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely on our speech.

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answer back again.

Of flames that glowed! O hearts that yearn!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thought that burned and glowed within.

ance between marching with his right or his left foot foremost, and all the time he was in the service he continued in the awkward squad."—Lord Campbell dily adds, "There were likewise a good many attorneys belonging to us, who brought down many jests upon us, among others, that the word being given 'prepare to charge,' they all pulled out pen, ink, and paper; and being ordered to 'charge they wrote down 8d., or 13s. 4d. The soul of our corps was our adjutant, my poor friend Will Harrison, who with us could talk on nothing but battles, and seemed to think himself a great military genius as Napoleon, although he talked much law at regimental messes, which he was fond of dining at, so that it was said, he was 'a general among lawyers, and a lawyer among generals.'"

Chinese Craniology.

The craniologist unfolds his plates, and lectures on them at great length. One of these plates I bought immediately after a lecture, as a curiosity. It is a representation of a face, with a head-dress that has not been in use for some centuries, inscribed all over with characters; every feature bears some development or other. The ears speak volumes; the forehead is almost an encyclopedia of organs, some denoting the qualities of the mind, others emblematic of the destiny of the individual. Some of the characters are in circles, surrounded by numbers and professional terms. From the forehead to the nose are seven. "Heaven's Centre, or Zenith;" "Heaven's Hall;" "The Lord of the Firmament;" "Just the Centre (between the brows);" "The Seal Hall;" "The Foot of the Hill's Years" (between the eyes); "Old Age" (the bridge of the nose). Two kinds of eyes are given, the one Ming-he, or clear opening; the other Yen-he, or observed opening; the lid intruding upon the pupil in the latter. The interpretations do not exactly tally with those of our physiologists, and when doctors differ, I cannot decide a point on which one is as likely to be right as another, with the chances, if any, leaning in favor of the Chinese, who have studied the matter for centuries before it was dreamed of in Europe.—*Forbes's China.*

From the Manchester Phlogiston.

And Sarah.

Of yore there stood on Kendall Hill
The widow Sawyer's domicile,
A very worthy wight was she,
Aunt Sarah, called by all the folk;
She had a saying which was wise,
When any matter came amiss,
She'd cry, and 'twas her constant way,
"It was not so in Sawyer's day."

If 'er was good the garget had,
Or what was worse, a dog run mad;
And field get barren now know why,
The mare grow reticent on the road,
Flounce, bound, and overturn the load;
She'd take her hauff, and only say,
"It was not so in Sawyer's day."

And then, should she some gossip hear—
A slander uttered on the ear,
Or such an one was known to him
In selling butter, cheese and milk;
And others, they were so and so,
And none too good; if tales were true;
"Put 'em up, you idle old beldy,"
"It was not so in Sawyer's day."

If men, contentious, went to law,
About some trifling, paltry law,
If neighbors ran into disputes,
And acted less like men than brutes;
Should lawless pilferers abound;
If clerical tricks should be thought
Rapping her pipe, "Alas!" she'd say,
"It was not so in Sawyer's day."

If lawyers took too large a fee,
Or doctors practised quackery;
If merchants, to increase their treasure,
Choused any one in weight or measure;
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Or doctors practised quackery;
If merchants, to increase their treasure,
Choused any one in weight or measure;
If clerical tricks should be thought
Rapping her pipe, "Alas!" she'd say,
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